



BAYSONG FILKBOOK

THE BAYSONG FILKBOOK

Collected songs from

BAYFILK II

San Jose, California

March 2-4, 1984

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Off Centaur Publications

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BAYFILK DREDGINGS

1

Words: Mercedes Lackey
Music: "Home on the Range"

Oh, give me a song, of revenge, or great wrong,
Where the hero and heroine fry.
Where seldom is heard an encouraging word
'Cause the author makes everyone die!

CHORUS: Wierd, 'ose and deranged!
Where the hero and heroine fry
Where seldom is heard an encouraging word
'Cause the author makes everyone die!

Oh give me a view, with a body or two -
Or where unnatural acts fill the scene...

(segue into "Mortuary" or Tom Lehrer's "I Hold Your Hand
In Mind" or "Masochism Tango" for a few bars)

Or one where there's no doubt that the villain wins out -
I've a fondness for evil and mean!

CHORUS

Or else give me one with a horrible pun -
Or pref'rably thirty or more...

(singer suddenly breaks off and kneels before shill:)

Singer: Father, forgive me, for I have sinned.

Shill: Certainly, my child; now what seems to be the problem?

Singer: - No. It's too awful! I can't tell even you!

Shill: Come now; the Lord forgives even the worst sins. Surely
nothing could be that bad!

Singer: All right - but I warned you! I . . . I . . .
I LIKE "Unreality Warp"!

Shill: BLASPHEMY! HERETIC!! DEMON!!! AARGH!!!!

CHORUS TWICE

YOU'RE MUNDANE...

Words: C. McQuillin
 Music: You're so Vain - Carly Simon

Well you walked into the con suite,
 Like you were some kind of big name pro
 You were bored and drunk and lonely too.
 But you knew that we didn't know.
 You had one hand on the program
 As you looked for a one night stand.
 And all the fans dreamed
 That they'd get to meet you
 They'd get to meet you

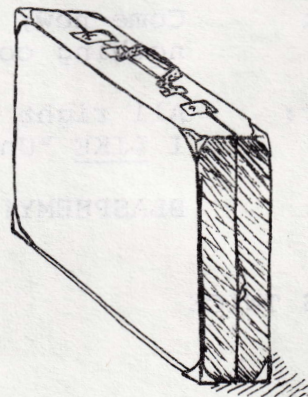
CHORUS: You're mundane
 Though you think you know a lot about SF
 You're mundane, mundane
 Though you think you know a lot about SF, SF

Well, I knew you several years ago
 When you were still quite naive.
 You wrote science fiction & fantasy
 And your dreams made me believe
 But you gave away the dream we shared
 To write it for T.V.
 For all the fame and
 The money it brought you,
 Money it brought you.

CHORUS

Now you come to our conventions
 Because it gives you some ego-boo
 You really don't care for the SF Fans
 Thought they're all mad for you.
 But some day time will pass you by
 And the thing you really fear
 Is that day when they
 Cancel your series,
 Cancel your series.

CHORUS



MASS MEDIA ENGINEER

Music: "Mass Driver Engineer" by Diana Gallagher
 Lyrics: Jordin Kare

CHORUS: G C D₇ Em C D₇ G
 I'm a mass media engineer, adrift in the network's ocean of waste,
 G C D₇ G C Em
 Taping garbage for the eye and ear that runs thirteen weeks a series,
 G C G
 Thirteen weeks a series.
 G C Em C D₇ G
 My shop is a fancy studio; even sleaze production takes cash,
 G C D₇ G C G
 But a sponsor's found, and we're under way, making pure intellectual trash.
 G C Em D₇ G
 The plots are ten millenia old; the dialog's full of tired cliches,
 G C D₇
 The scripts we get are all covered with mold -
 D₇ G
 down here we don't throw nothin' away.

CHORUS

Casting rejects are all we've got, so we'll make this a T and A comedy.
 We'll stick the stars in a topless bar, and give the hero a penchant for sodomy.
 Producers and sponsor give us "advice" - and brother, do we get plenty.
 We've not much choice in the stuff we film - but the audience hasn't any!

CHORUS

Thirteen episodes ready to air; we're approaching Nielsen target,
 Then it's syndication when the sponsor quits, and a million spinoffs to market.
 One more crumb for the network's maw. It's a dirty job but it's got to be done.
 I've got three months' peace 'til I see it again -
 As a Saturday Prime Time Summer Rerun.

CHORUS

VAMPIRE'S LAMENT

Words & Music (c) 1983 by Peter Thiesen

^A I was born in Transylvania ^D eight hundred years ^A ago.

My fangs are chipped and yellow; ^{F#m} my legs are stiff and slow. ^E

^A When I was young and frisky, chasin' ^D maidens was a lark,

^A But now I dread the night, because I'm frightened of the dark. ^{E7} ^{ADA}

So, ^A Darlin', won't you ^D drive a silver ^E dagger through my heart, ^A

And shoot a silver bullet through my chest? ^E

^{E7} I know your love is true; I hope your aim is, too.

^A My Darlin', won't you ^{E7} lay me to my rest? ^A

I drank sulfuric acid, enough to drown a moose;
I lay down on the railroad tracks in front of a caboose.
But though an oaken coffin is my one and only bed,
No matter whay I try I can't quite die, 'cause I'm undead.

So, Darlin', won't you drive a silver dagger through my heart,
And shoot a silver bullet through my brain?
You taught me mortal love, and by the stars above,
I'm beggin' you to end my life of pain.

I'm shamed and I'm embarrassed to make a mortal bleed.
My friends all make sick jokes about the tacky way I feed.
I can't control my longin' for blood that's warm and red;
Imagine how I grieve each time I leave a body dead.

So, Darlin', won't you drive a silver dagger through my heart,
And shoot a silver bullet through my spine?
Just give me one last kiss before you slash my wrist,
Then skewer me, and swear you'll still be mine.

I envy your mortality. When you grow old and gray,
In beauty, like the sunset, you'll end your mortal day.
In my eternal twilight, I long to rest in peace;
My soul's forever cursed with this cruel thirst that will not cease.

So drive a silver dagger through my rotten vampire heart,
And shoot a silver bullet through my gut.
And when you think I'm dead, decapitate my head,
Stuff garlic in my mouth and sew it shut.

I'm yearnin' for a maiden to quench my appetite.
If I can't catch one soon, I fear that you're the neck I'll bite. ^E
^A I'll taint you with my blood lust, thought I'll feel like such a fink. ^D
^A Impale me on your stake before I take another drink! ^{E7} ^{AEA}

Words: Karen Trimble
Music: "Men of Harlech"

Ose - the stuff of fannish craving,
Ose - the stuff when boys start shaving,
Ose - the stuff of filker's raging,

Dorsai are full of Ose!

Bad the song of happy ending,
Glad the song that turns heart-rending,
Gad, the songs are never ending,

Dorsai are full of Ose!

Smile through the slaughter.

Welcome sons and daughters.

A useless cause ne'er gives them pause,

Yes, we know they will do just what they oughter.

In the story

Ancients hoary

Know defeat is generally the price of glory.

Still they fight in masses gory,

Yes, they're full of Ose!

Melodies of endless sadness,
Voices joined in mutual badness,
Never know a touch of gladness,

Dorsai are full of Ose!

Dreary tunes in solemn measure,
Endless sorrow is their treasure,
Sharing pain is such a pleasure,

Dorsai are full of Ose!

Standing straight and stoic.

Insisting it's heroic.

Though they die you can't deny,

They do it with panache that reeks of phobic.

Swaggering macho

Is tres gauche, oh

I'd rather entertain an Argentinian gauchito,

Maintaining firmly from my couch, oh -

Dorsai are full of Ose!

6

Chorus: A D

Cu-cumbers are better than men, {I say... because...}

Verse #1: A G D E A

The au-er-age cu-cumber is at least six in-ches long.

Verse #2: (same as chorus)

Verse #3: A G D Em

A cu-cumber won't tell you: "size does-n't count."

CUCUMBERS

Words: Anonymous
Music: Leslie Fish

- CHORUS: A D Cucumbers are better than men. I say.....
A D Cucumbers are better than men, because.....
1. A G D E A The average cucumber is at least six inches long.
 2. A D cucumbers stay hard for a week.
 3. A G D Em A cucumber won't tell you size doesn't count.
 2. A D Cucumbers don't get too excited.
 1. A G 1 D E A A cucumber never gets "performance anxiety".
 2. A D Cucumbers are easy to pick up.
 1. A G D E A You can fondle cucumbers in a supermarket, and...
 3. A G D Em you know how firm it is before you take it home.

CHORUS

2. Cucumbers can get away any weekend
- 2.. With a cucumber you can get a single room...
1. ...and you don't have to check in as "Mrs. Cucumber".
1. A cucumber will always respect you in the morning.
2. You can go out a movie...
2. ...with a cucumber -- and see the movie.
2. At a drive-in, you stay in the front seat.
1. A cucumber won't drag you to a John Wayne film festival.
2. A cucumber won't eat all the popcorn...
2. ...or send you out to get Milk Duds.
3. A cucumber: can always wait until you get home.

CHORUS

1. A cucumber never will ask: "Am I the first?"
2. Cucumbers don't care if you're a virgin.
2. Cucumbers won't tell...
2. ...other cucumbers that you're a virgin.
2. Cucumbers won't tell...
3. ...anyone you're not a virgin anymore.
2. With cucumbers you don't have to...
2. ...be a virgin more than once.
2. Cucumbers don't write your name...
3. ...and number on the men's-room wall.

CHORUS

2. Cucumbers don't have sex hang-ups.
2. Cucumbers don't make you wear...
2. ...kinky clothes, or go to bed with your boots on.
1. You only eat cucumber when you feel like it.
2. Cucumbers won't ask:
2. ..."Am I the best?" "How was it?"
2. ..."Did you come?" "How many times?"
1. You can have as many cucumbers as you can handle.
1. Cucumbers never need a round of applause.
2. Cucumbers aren't into rope and leather...
3. ...talking dirty, or swinging with fruits and nuts

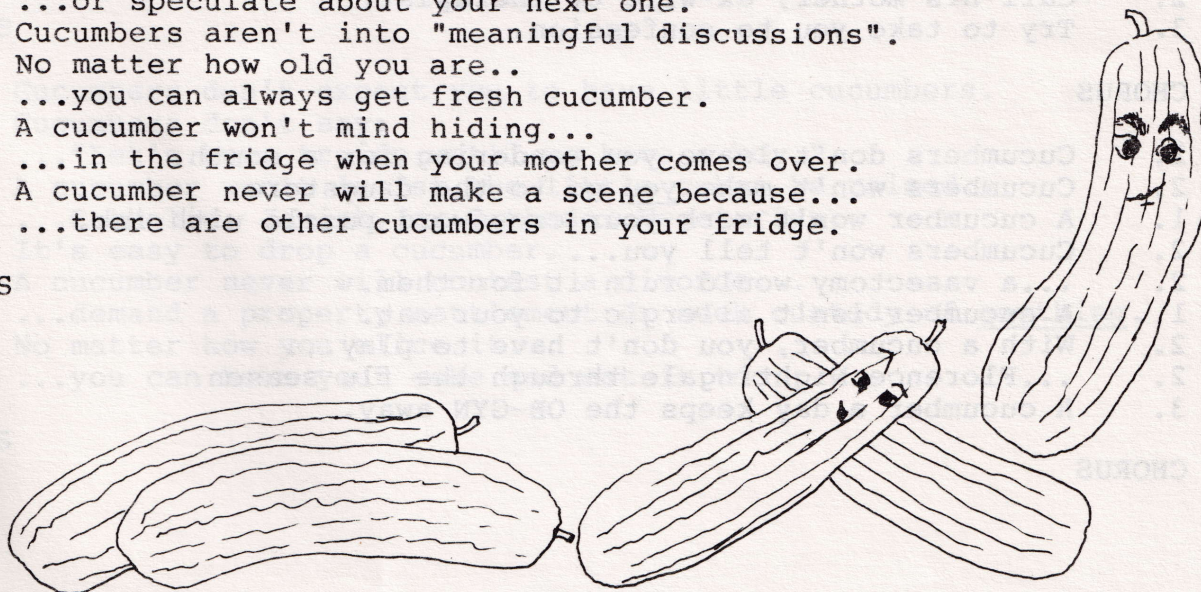
CHORUS

2. A cucumber never will leave you...
1. ...for another woman, another man, another cucumbert.
2. A cucumber never snaps your bra...
1. ...pinches your butt, or gives you a snuggy.
2. A cucumber will never call to say:
2. ..."Honey, I have to work late at the office"...
2. ...and then come home smelling like another woman.
3. You always know where your cucumber has been.

CHORUS

1. Cucumbers aren't jealous of your gynecologist...
2. ...ski instructor or hair-dresser.
1. A cucumber won't want to join your support group.
1. Cucumbers won't ask about your last lover...
2. ...or speculate about your next one.
1. Cucumbers aren't into "meaningful discussions".
2. No matter how old you are..
2. ...you can always get fresh cucumber.
2. A cucumber won't mind hiding...
2. ...in the fridge when your mother comes over.
1. A cucumber never will make a scene because...
3. ...there are other cucumbers in your fridge.

CHORUS



1. A cucumber never has to call "the wife".
2. Cucumbers don't have mid-life crises.
1. Cucumbers don't play guitar and try to "find themselves".
2. A cucumber won't leave you..
2. ...for a cheerleader, or an ex-nun.
1. You won't find out later that your cucumber...
2. ...is married, is on penicillin...
3. ...likes you, but loves your brother.

CHORUS

2. A cucumber doesn't have...
2. ...softball practice on the day that you're moving.
1. Cucumbers never tell you what they did on R & R.
2. A cucumber won't ask for a transfer...
2. ...just when you're up for promotion.
1. A cucumber won't wear a leisure suit...
2. ...to your office Christmas party.
2. Cucumbers don't care...
3. ...if you make more money than they do.

CHORUS

2. You don't have to wait until half-time...
2. ...to talk to your cucumber.
1. A cucumber won't leave town on New Year's Eve.
2. A cucumber won't take you to a disco...
2. ...and then dump you for a flashy outfit.
1. Cucumbers never want to take you home to Mom.
2. Cucumbers don't care if...
1. ...you always spend the holidays with your family.

CHORUS

2. Afterwards, a cucumber won't:
2. Just want to shake hands and be friends,
2. Just tell you; "I'll call you a cab,"
1. Accuse you of leading him on when he was drunk,
2. Tell you he's not the marrying kind,
2. Tell you he is the marrying kind,
2. Call his mother, ex-wife or therapist,
3. Try to take you to confession.

CHORUS

1. Cucumbers don't leave you wondering for a month.
2. Cucumbers won't make you go to the drugstore.
1. A cucumber won't work your crossword puzzle with ink.
2. Cucumbers won't tell you...
2. ...a vasectomy would ruin it for them.
1. A cucumber isn't allergic to your cat.
2. With a cucumber, you don't have to play...
2. ...Florence Nightingale through the flu season.
3. A cucumber a day keeps the OB-GYN away.

CHORUS

2. Cucumbers can handle rejection.
1. A cucumber won't pout if you have a headache.
2. A cucumber never wants to:::
2. ...get it on when your nails are still wet.
1. With a cucumber, you never have to say your're sorry.
2. Cucumbers won't leave whisker burns...
2. ...fall asleep on your chest, or drool on the pillow.
1. A cucumber won't care what time of the month it is.
2. Cucumbers never give you a hickey.
2. Cucumbers can stay up all night...
2. ...and you won't have to sleep in the wet spot.
3. A cucumber wonv't give it up for Lent.

CHORUS

2. A cucumber won't eat...
2. ...all your food, or drink all your liquor.
2. A cucumber doesn't turn...
2. ...your bathroom into a library.
1. Cucumbers won't go through your medicine chest.
2. A cucumber won't use your toothbrush...
2. ...your roll-on or your hairspray.
1. Cucumbers never answer your phone or borrow your car.
2. Cucumbers don't forget to flush the toilet.
2. A cucumber doesn't flush...
2. ...the toilet while you're taking a shower.
2. With a cucumber, the toilet seat...
2. ...is always the way you left it.
3. Cucumbers don't leave dirty shorts on the floor.

CHORUS

1. Cucumbers don't compare you to a centerfold.
2. Cucumbers can't count to ten.
2. Cucumbers won't tell you...
2. ...they liked you better with your hair long.
1. A cucumber won't ask to be put through med school.
2. A cucumber won't tell you...
2. ...he's outgrown you intellectually.
3. A cucumber won't tell you you're getting fat.

CHORUS

1. Cucumbers don't expect you to have little cucumbers.
2. Cucumbers don't say:
2. ..."Let's keep trying until we have a boy."
1. A cucumber won't insist the little cukes be raised...
1. ...Catholic, Jewish, or Orthodox Vegetarian.
2. It's easy to drop a cucumber.
1. A cucumber never will contest a divorce...
1. ...demand a property settlement or seek custody of anything.
2. No matter how you slice it...
3. ...you can have your cuke and eat it too.

CHORUS

Words: Frank Hayes
 Music: "Bonny Ship the Diamond"

When I was young, my friends all worked like fools to get their share
 Of an S-100 system like the Imsai or Altair
 Well, the S-100's still around, I'm very glad to say,
 But friends, I'm here to tell you: it ain't the same today.

CHORUS: And it's cheer up, me lads - let your hearts never fuss
 When you'r integrating systems for the S-100 buss.

To tell the truth, the source of all our troubles seems to be
 A committee on computers of the I-of-triple-E.
 They settled on a standard spec - 696 by name -
 Now everything is standardized, but nothing works the same.

CHORUS

They said, "The 80 boards are way too slow - it's enough to give you
 fits -
 If the '09 isn't fast enough then go to 16 bits -
 68- and Z8000, and an '86 as well -"
 And code compatibility goes straight to bloody hell!

CHORUS

Add a board for the modem line, and one for every port,
 And a printer board, and a keyboard board, and as a last resort,
 For every problem, we will add a board that has the cure -
 It's not too damned efficient, but it's a mother, that's for sure!

CHORUS

And when it's all assembled, there's computer to your collar -
 It's nice to have a micro, but a mainframe would be smaller.
 and when you turn the power on, it's sure to dim the lamps,
 At plus- and minus-16 volts, and 1400 amps.

CHORUS

ROMULAN BOY

Words: Paul MacDonald

Music: "Thank God I'm a Country Boy" by John Denver

Life on a spaceship isn't very hard
If you like food that tastes of playing cards.
And real life Space Invaders is sometimes quite hard,
Well thank God I'm a Romulan boy.

CHORUS: Well, I've got me a ship and a real laser gun
And radar says Star Fleet's on the run
Life ain't nothing but a galaxy of fun
Thank God I'm a Romulan boy.

Now Admiral Kirk is much maligned
Though he is a leader of the first kind.
And if we ever find him with our laser sights aligned....
Well, thank God I'm a Romulan boy.

CHORUS

Now the watch has ended and I'm off to bed
Until such time as alert becomes red
And whatever we find will be better off dead -
And thank God I'm a Romulan boy.

CHORUS

Now life on a ship is quite woman lean
But Romulan women are really quite mean.
Maybe that's why they're rarely ever seen.
Thank God I'm a Romulan boy.

CHORUS

Now Romulan men are macho and tough
But alien women seem to find us rough.
Maybe that's why we never get enough....
Oh, why am I a Romulan boy?

CHORUS

LESLIE, LESLIE

or

NO HIGH NOTES ANY MORE?

Words: Peter Thiesen
(last verse based on "No High Ground" by Leslie Fish)

Music: "My Bonnie" (verses 1-6 with chorus)
"Daisy, Daisy" (verse 7)
"No High Ground" by Leslie Fish (last verse)

^C You sing of the calm and the thunder;
^F

^{G7} Your voice rings out golden and pure.

^C I look at you now and I wonder
^F

^{Dm} How long will your music endure?
^{G7}

You sing out for souls who are choking,
Oppressed and harassed to their death.
But if you don't quit your damn smoking,
How long will your lungs give you breath?

CHORUS: ^C Leslie, Leslie, won't you quit smoking tonight, tonight?
^F

^{G7} Leslie, Leslie, won't you quit smoking tonight?
^C

Now, if emphysema should strike you,
You'll have your tobacco to thank;
But thousands of fans will dislike you
If you sing with an oxygen tank.

CHORUS

Lung cancer, bronchitis, and asthma
Are ailments that no one would wish.
But if you keep breathing miasma,
You'll be gasping for breath like a fish.

CHORUS

You coughed a few times in your singing.
I don't think that's much of a joke.
Your voice in my ears is still ringing.
I sure hope it doesn't go, "croak".

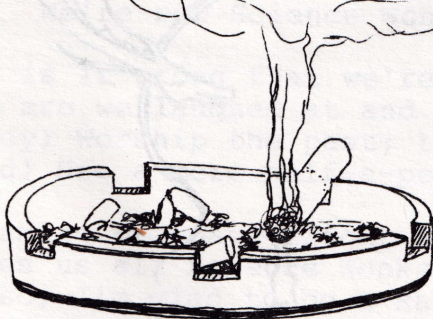
CHORUS

Betty Grable, she died of lung cancer,
Humphrey Bogart and Walt Disney too.
Dear Leslie, please give me your answer;
Say smoking's no longer for you.

C F G
Leslie, Leslie, tell me your answer true.
E Am D7 G7
You're half crazy smoking the way you do.
C Am
Your funeral won't be boring;
C F G7
We'll play your tape recording.
C G7 C G7
But you look sweet with a music sheet;
C G7 C
Live music is best for you.

E7
So say it's
Am G Am
Down with tar and ashes, up with healthy lungs.
C G C G
Those tender alveoli only give so far.
Am G F Am
Sooner or later, push gonna come to shove.

F G Am G Am F G Am
Don't think that it can't happen where you are.
F G Am G Am F G Am
No high notes, no high notes, no high notes any more?
F G Am G Am F G Am
No high notes, no high notes, no high notes any more?



I LIKE LITTLE FIRE-LIZARDS

Words: Frank Hayes

Music: "I Hate Little Fire Lizards" by Julia Ecklar

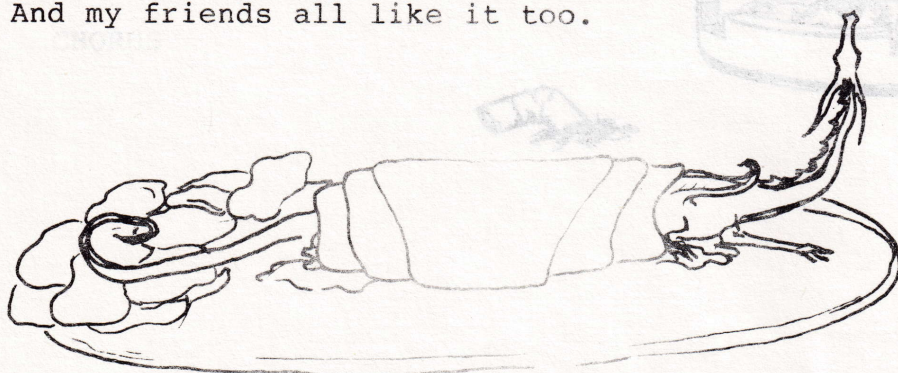
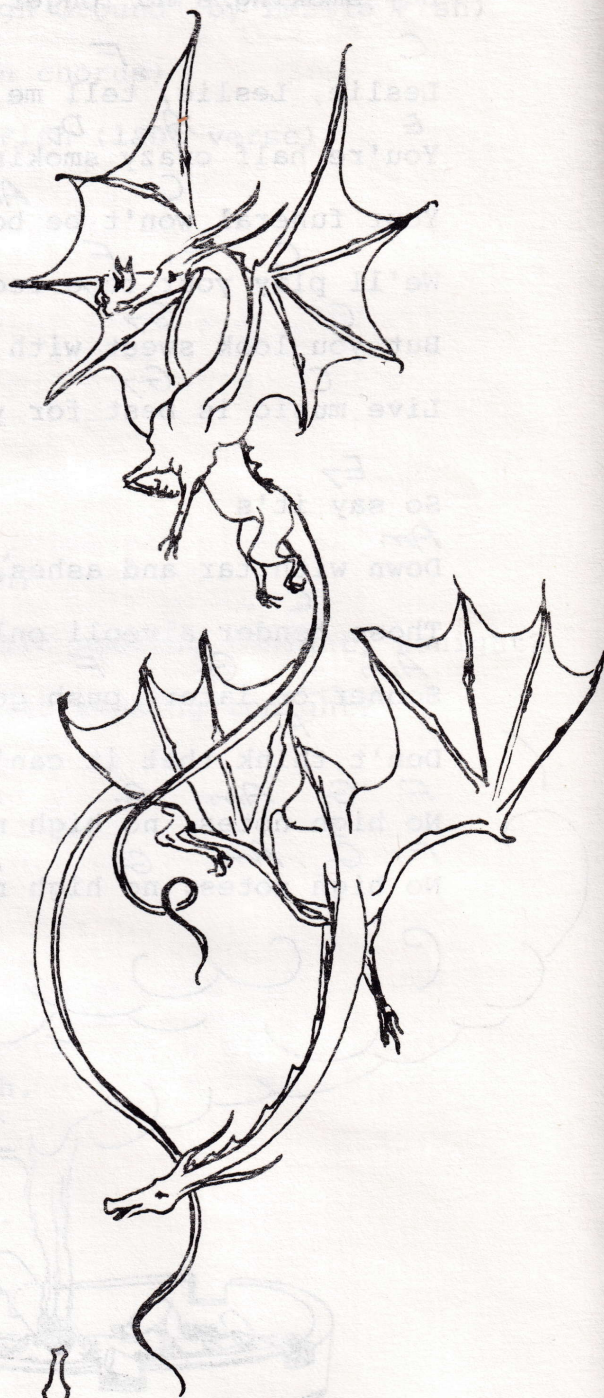
I like little fire-lizards
'Cause I like the way they squash;
I think lizard-in-a-blanket
always makes a lovely nosh
For breakfast early in the morning,
And they're also great at lunch--
Yes, I like little fire-lizards,
'Cause I like the way they crunch.

I like lizard-eating filkers,
'Cause I know that they're OK--
I know lizards are nutritious--
You should have one every day--
Full of vitamins and energy--
They also help your voice--
Yes, I like little fire-lizards--
They're the filker's lunchtime choice.

I like phosphorescent fungus--
But it's not to eat, you know--
I like phosphorescent fungus
'Cause it gives a glorious glow--
Comes in red and blue and yellow,
Green and purple, orange and white--
Oh, I like phosphorescent fungus--
It's the filker's favorite light.

I like pixilated paranoids--
I always think they're neat--
When a paranoid is pickled,
Well, his stories can't be beat--
Death--pain--conspiracy--catastrophe--
All aimed at him, of course--
Yes, I like pixilated paranoids--
My favorite song-theme source.

I like parodying Julia--
It's fun to risk my neck--
Since nobody lives forever,
I just figure- "What the heck--"
When we're sitting at a filksing
And there's nothing else to do,
Well, I like parodying Julia,
And my friends all like it too.



IF THE SOUND OF MUSIC WERE DONE TO PAINT YOUR WAGON

Words: Cynthia McQuillin
 Music: Maria, from the musical Paint Your Wagon

Out here we have a name for nuns
 Who stand around just singing.
 Who dance across the mountain side
 Even when the church bell's ringing.
 Maria, Maria. We call that nun Maria.

Maria lets the porridge burn
 When set to tend the fire.
 Maria's late for everthing,
 Except to sing in choir.
 Maria, Maria. We call that nun Maria.

We sent that silly girl away
 To take care of children, seven
 But their father fell in love with her,
 Will she ever get to heaven?
 Maria, Maria. We call that nun Maria.

Next thing we know he's married her,
 And everybody's singing
 New novices appear each day
 Such publicity she's bringing.
 Maria, Maria. We call that nun Maria.

WONKS, WIMPS AND NERDS

Words: Quentin Long
 Music: Lilly Burbero, by way of the LA FilkHarmonics

Joe Phan and Sue Phan - hear what I've heard -
 We are now Science Wonks, Wimps and Nerds!
 (No) more are we strange, obscene or absurd;
 No! We're now Science Wonks, Wimps and Nerds!

Why is it wrong that we're optimist dreamers?
 Why are we laughed at and shunned by mundanes?
 (They) Worship the past; they're all Luddite extremists
 (and) Use a mere half-a-percent of their brains!

Dreaming of space flight - as you've averred -
 Makes us all Science Wonks, Wimps and Nerds.
 If so, I'm glad to be a Rare Bird
 Known as a Science Wonk, Wimp or Nerd.

Greenhouse effects and Malthusian crises;
 Troubles in droves and no cures to be found.
 Wonks, Wimps and Nerds say, "If you need cures, try these!"
 "We'll keep your world from tumbling down!"

Mankind shall no more do Terra dirt
 Thanks to us Science Wonks, Wimps and Nerds.
 (For) Saving the planet, here's the good word;
 Call on us Science Wonks, Wimps and Nerds!

Words: Faith Nelson
 Music: The Minstrel Boy

I know they say you're evil
 I know they say you're cruel
 That you executed my father
 Cause he said you were a fool

I don't care, I love you so
 Even though you cheat and lie
 You're everthing in life to me
 You Imperial Guy

I've heard you torture rebels
 And love to make them scream
 That in your cell block, execution;
 Is each prisoner's fervent dream

I don't care, I love you so
 even when they scream and die
 You're everything in life to me
 You Imperial Guy

My mother asid you were no good
 You executed her
 My brother, he did laugh and scorn
 Til shot by Stormtrooper

But, I don't care, I love you, though
 I begin to wonder why
 You're everything in life to me
 You Imperial Guy

WHY DO I WATCH HORROR MOVIES?

Words & Music: Cynthia McQuillin
 (Music: also scans to "Banks of Sicily")

A vampire is rising, I feel it, tonight.
 With beady red eyes and his fangs made to bite.
 When he says "good evening" it gives me a fright.
 Oh, why do I watch horror movies?

CHORUS: My downfall is Bela Lugosi, Langel, Hamilton,
 Christopher Lee.
 All those dashing dark actors
 They cast in those damn horror movies.

I used to wear jewelry, now it's crosses instead,
 And a long wooden stake is layed out by my bed
 Which has garlands of garlic festooning its head.
 Oh, why do I watch horror moves?

CHORUS

And when the sun rises I'm haggard and worn
 I don't sleep all night for my throat might be torn.
 Though I've waited and waited my hopes are forlorn,
 Oh, why do I watch horror movies?

or

WHY DO THEY ALWAYS FALL IN LOVE WITH HUMANS?

Words: Karen Trimble
 Music: "Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue"

Just because I'm tall and green,
 You shouldn't think I'm bad or mean
 And honey I'd be true,
 Don't it make my bug eyes blue.

Yeah I know, you think I'm odd,
 Cause all you see are my pseudopods,
 And antenna attached with glue,
 Don't it make my bug eyes blue.

BRIDGE: I know my organs
 Secrete lots of slime,
 And my eye stalks are
 An off shade of lime,
 Say that you love me,
 We'd make a good team,
 Or did you mean "no"
 By that blood curdling scream?

Won't you stand here by my side?
 Is it my stench you can't abide?
 Honey, I wish I knew,
 Don't it make my bug eyes...
 Don't it make my bug eyes...
 Don't it make my bug eyes blue.

BREAKFAST

Words: Quentin Long, aided & abetted by: David Berry,
 Don Simpson, Kennita Watson & Bruce Martz
 Music: "I Hate Fire Lizards" by Julia Ecklar

C D
 I like little fuzzy pancakes which the syrup don't drip off.
 G C D G
 I like phosphorescent oatmeal when the lights are off.
 C D
 I like fusion-boiled square eggs for the afterburn is great.
 O⁷ C D G
 Yes, I like little fuzzy pancakes; They're the last thing my dog
 C
 ate.

I like pumpernickel danish 'cause the pumper hides the mold.
 I like steamy stewed prune malteds 'cause I hate to eat them cold.
 I like isopropyl orange juice - it tightens my loose screws.
 Yes, I like pumpernickel danish; for my car, it's all I use!

I like transuranic toast because it melts the weight right down.
 I like cold and lumpy coffee for it spins my spleen around.
 I like resublimated bacon - it's all yellow, plaid and blue!
 Oh, I like transuranic rye toast and my friends all like it too!

QUEEN OF PRINTED FILKING

Words: Tera Mitchel
 Music: Penny Tredray ("Queen of Air & Darkness")

Am G Am G Am
 A poor frustrated Singer, wrote songs alone for years.
Am G Am G Am
 Then sang them at conventions, so everyone would hear.
C Dm Am
 The Filk weaves under the microphones.

Dreaming of some Kudos, for her hitherto unknown
 She sang amazed at SF, and so she was undone.
 The Filk weaves under the microphones.

There beneath recorders, that bulked athwart the room
 The Filking folk were singing, their strange demented tunes.

Dm C G Am G Am
 The Filking folk were singing, like water spilled on fire.
Am G Am G Am
 In heated vocal discord, and never did they tire.
C Dm Am
 The Filk weaves under the microphones.

The Queen of printed filking, sat wrapped around with cords
 That led out to the microphones, to keep the filk gems stored.

Write down your words oh Filkers, write down your chords for me
 And if you can't write music, we can transcribe you see.
 The Filk weaves under the microphones.

She dared to print their filksongs, some that had ne'er been sung
 They smiled at her in wonder, and to her skirts they clung.

Please print my songs oh Lady, cry'd many a starstruck fan.
 We know you'll love our music, please print what e'er you can.
 The Filk weaves under the microphones.

And then she laughed like madness, and said to them in glee
 I'll gather all your music, and sift through it thoroughly

We'll take your songs and Filksongs, and offer them for sale.
 No more will you be obscure, for soon you'll be retail.
 The Filk weaves under the microphones.

Your ose and foolish lyrics, printed neatly with the tunes.
 Should make a handsome offering, it can't be done to soon.

And these we'll deal at tables, at cons across the land.
 We'll surely make you famous, the toast of all the fans.
 The Filk weaves under the microphone.

With editing and magic, their first filk book was done.
 They sold five hundred copies, and then did another run
 The Filk weaves under the microphones.

Words: Faith Nelson
 Music: "Hope Eyrie", Leslie Fish
 Am C G D E

Primetime was stale and lifeless

With no bright show in sight

'Tween Logan's Run and Wonder Woman

The future seemed of bore and blight

Til 1981

But the Phoenix has risen

Tell your children when

Judson Scott came back to us again!

But one clear night, how the stars shone bright

And the TV hummed with pure delight

For before us one with hair of gold

And eyes so clear with heart so bold

Rose from his sleep of long ago

He searched for his past, found a love to last

It was sweet and deep, but to short and fast

For she died in river so wet and cold

And his grief was sharp with pain untold

As he set her spirit free

He returned again to find his lost kin

Miri, who called from place hidden

Hunted by a man with eyes of steel

And one like him but so evil

Dark wolf with eyes of flame

He did near the end of his quest, but then

By the network he was called back again

To his sleep of time, it was such a crime

To kill the show when in its prime

Such great stupidity.

He rose up anew in Star Trek II

The son of he whom Kirk well knew

Brave Joachim was he, with spirit so free

Though cursed to live on bleak Ceti

A wasteland devoid of life

But alas again when it seemed they'd win

And he'd fly through space free of dust and din

On Reliant's floor his blood did pour

And Joachim fell to rise no more

Khan's heart was torn to shreds

Though now he's gone, it is not for long

For he'll rise again in another form

And with golden hair and face so fair

He'll return to us with smile of care

And steal our hearts again

Words: Faith Nelson
Music: Old Slew-Foot

I went to a convention and what did I see?
Dealers, dealers looking back at me
Merchandisie piled everywhere, filling my eyes
Calling to my wallet with promise of great buys

We went charging down the middle and a pourin' up the sides
Leafin' ninety miles an hour through the lobby cars and slides
The money's not enough no matter how much I bring
When it's all gone, I find that last thing.

As I stood outside the dealers room, what did I see?
Gophers, gophers waving frantically
"You can't come in, the dealers rooms's not open til ten!!"
So I waited outside until moment when...

When the clock finaly read ten-o-clock, what did I see?
A gopher opening the door and turning quick to flee
But the crowd, it knocked him over as it rushed to get in
And the dealers gripped their tables as we rushed toward them

I looked at the first table and what did I see?
Comics, comics, both Marvel and DC
Superman and Spiderman, Strange Tales and Popeye
But, twice as much as Overstreet? I walked on by

As I moved to the next table, what greeted my eyes?
Movie Memorabilia of every shape and size
Communicators, lightsabers and blasters so fine
The \$one-hundred-dollar lightsaber just had to be mine!

As I passed the next table, a sparkle caught my eye
I stopped ans saw jewelry, quite nice but much too high
But next to them were cubits which I bought with glee
And with pockets jingling with Galactican money

At the fourth table, what did I see there?
Posters, stills and lobby cards, both recent and rare
The prices were low and the selection was great
I left with arms full, but minus \$eighty-eight

By the time I left the dealers room, what did I see?
An empty wallet staring back at me
I'd spent my last dollar, but I had to buy more
So I pulled out my checkbook and ran back through the door!

Words & Music: Julia Ecklar

He ^E sat in the cold, ^A alone on the ^E watch heights,
His ^E dragon ^A residing like a ^O gentle, ^A caring ^E god.

I ^O saw in him some symbol
Of some ^E truth I wished to find;
I ^F thought I'd watch the ^G watchdragon
To ease my ^E troubled mind.

He moved not at all as he stared past the darkness.
(There's an innocence in patience that more bitter men can't know.)
But his silhouette sang joy,
'Though his face was turned from me,
And my own eyes could find nothing
That the watchdragon could see.

The walk took some time, but soon I stood with the watchman.
I looked across the countryside, and nothing could I see.
So I asked of him, "My Comrad,
Pray, reveal your spell to me.
Take pity on your Weyrsinger,
And tell me what you see."

He ^D said, "I see my life sir, the ^E proud place that I fill.
I ^D see our ancient duty, and the ^E people's ancient will.
I ^F see my own nobility; a ^G dragonrider's ^E pride.
A ^F whole world's fate rests in my ^G hands...
And I ^E see it through his eyes."

I glanced 'tween them both; not a word did I dare speaking.
Oh, his eyes were dark and sightless as the empty black between.
"My dragon is my eyes,
And more clearly do I see
Than most other folk, kind Weyrsinger,
So waste no grief on me."

I stared a long time, at him, at the landside,
And I thought a while on blindness, and I thought a while on me.
"I've grown so blind," I told him
As I sat beside his knee.
And I asked of him, "Friend Watchdragon,
Could you teach me to see?"

And I spent the night with a blind watchman
Who taught me how to see.

Words: Misty Lackey
 Music: The Mary Sue Fan Fiction Blues (which may or may not be related to "The Car Wash Blues" by Jim Croce)

Well, I ^C just blew in from Tulsa, Oklahoma,
 And in ^{G7} desperate need of a fix.

'Cause I knew that Teri and Jordin and Cathy
 Were up to their old Bayfilk tricks.

Now I know filkin', and I ^{C7} know hotels,

And I know how problems begin.

So I was pretty ^C antsy when they ^{G7} said they were havin' it ^{D7}
 Down at the Red Lion Inn.

Now when I go out filkin' at conventions

I really like to dress ^C comfy'rt'bly;

I end ^{G7} up looking like a cross 'tween a hippy

And a dragged-out Peace Corps refugee!

So here I am, standin' in a place ^{C7} full of mirrors

And a buncha crystal chandeliers,

And I just know when I have to ^C deal with this hotel ^{D7}

I'll have trouble right up to ^C my ears.

Well, I stood in line out to get myself dinner,
 And I just about died of the shock
 When the waitress came, and she showed me a table
 And I didn't have to wait 'round the clock!
 And she didn't ignore, and she brought me my order,
 And she didn't act like I was a freak.
 And when the stuff arrive, I could actually eat it!
 I knew we were on a winnin' streak!
 Well, I waited all weekend for disaster to happen,
 But the staff was as nice as could be.
 And they treated us like humans, and not like a nuisance,
 And they let us sing until past three.
 So between the Jacuzzi, and the wonderful people,
 My face is a perpetual grin.
 So when I die, don't wait for me to go to Heaven --
 I'm goin' to that Lion Inn!

NEVER SET THE CAT ON FIRE

Words & Music: Frank Hayes

Never set the cat on fire -
 You only will annoy it.
 The heat will make the beast perspire;
 She surely won't enjoy it.
 Likewise do not ignite the dog,
 The snake, the gerbil, or the frog -
 No, never set the cat on fire.

CHORUS: And mind your manners, as circumstances may require
 And never set the cat on fire.

Don't open up the cabin hatch -
 The air is sure to leave it,
 And air is very hard to catch;
 You never will retrieve it -
 And though you think your life's a bore,
 Don't open the reactor door -
 Don't open up the cabin hatch.

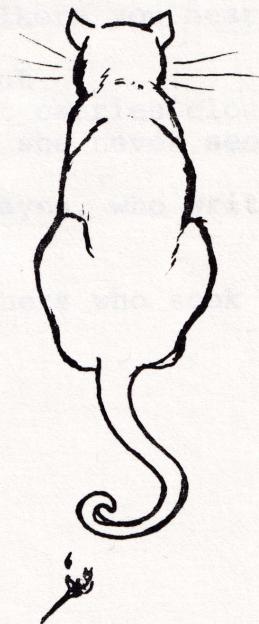
CHORUS

Don't change the navigator's data -
 Someone's sure to see ya;
 You know the captain's view of that:
 A very bad idea -
 He doesn't want his ship to race
 Forever lost in endless space -
 Don't change the navigator's data.

CHORUS

Don't start an interstellar war -
 It has no helpful uses.
 When people ask you, "What's it for?"
 You'll only make excuses.
 If 30 trillion folks get hurt,
 You'll go to bed with no dessert -
 Don't start an interstellar war.

CHORUS



TEN DEGREES OR COLDER

Words: Duane Elms
 Music: Ten Degrees, by Gordon Lightfoot

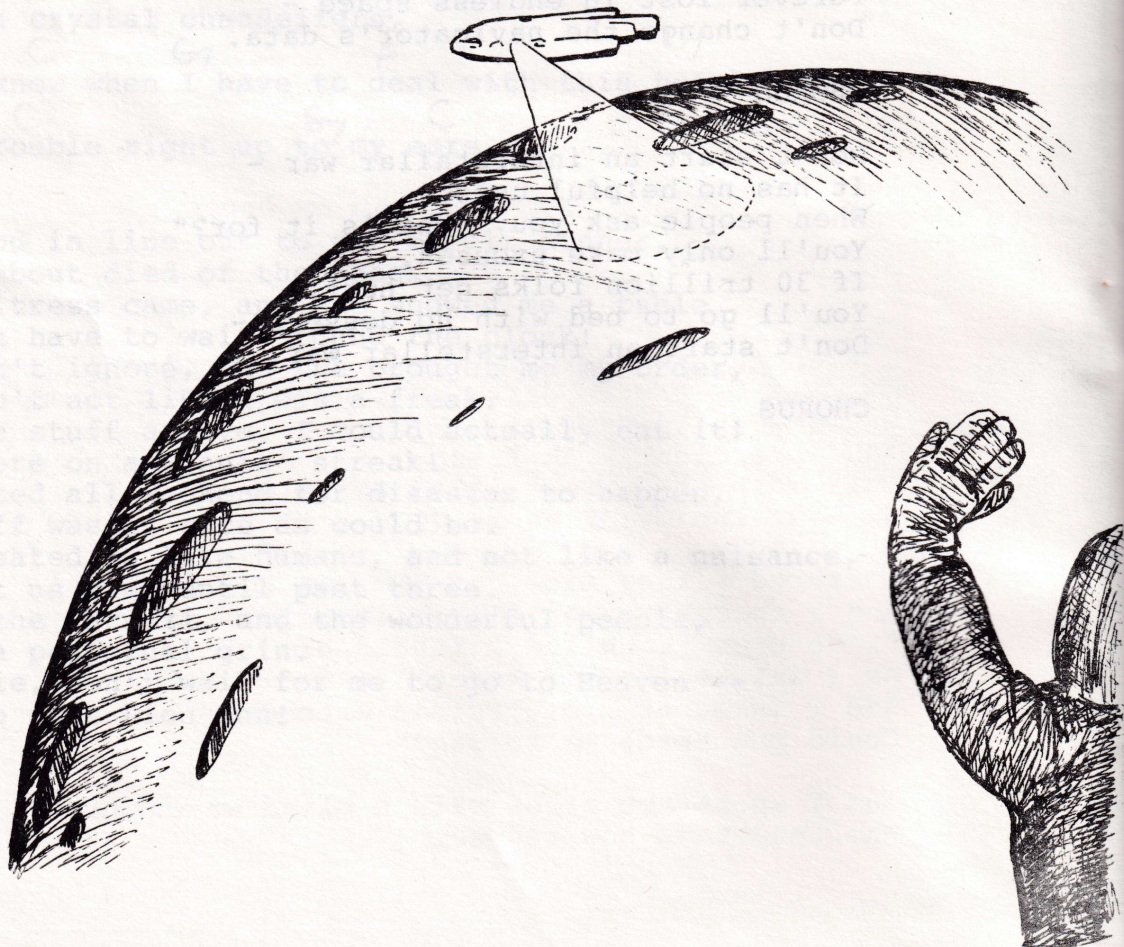
He was standing by the rover with a beacon that he'd salvaged
 When he saw the shuttle searching 'bout a half a mile away.
 And he held the beacon higher so the pilot couldn't miss it.
 It was ten degrees or colder down by darkside base that day.

He had come to make his fortune in the taming of the planets.
 He was just a young surveyor taking sightings on the go.
 Staking out the tower footings of a line of sight repeater,
 Why the world fell on his shoulders out on darkside I don't know

It was just a routine mission like so many more before it,
 But a marble sized projectile make a change in all his plans.
 As he struggled for survival in a moments brief reflection,
 Ten degrees or maybe colder is just no place for a man.

And he thought back on his adventure
 And the challenge of the high frontier
 Back on Terra lay warmth and safety,
 But he knew he'd do it all again.

Now his air shows one more hour but it really doesn't matter,
 For his feet are almost frozen and his batteries are low.
 Won't you listen to me brother, if you've ever loved another,
 Make just one more sweep to starboard before you turn away.
 It's ten degrees and getting colder down on darkside base today.



Words & Music Paul MacDonald

^D Some filkers at Bayfilk ^A wondered why ^{Bm} I ^G screamed so loud ^A
^D You'd scream to if you were prodded ^A by a Bayfilk II ^{Bm} cattle prod. ^G ^A
^D "Mob Control" Jordin ^A called it - with ^{Bm} multi filkers ^G awaitin' their turn ^A
^D Several song hogs ^A left the con with ^{Bm} 2nd degree ^G burns... ^A
^G Justice Prevails, in filking, ^A like it or not. ^{Bm} ^G ^A ^D

SF fen and filkers are really an unruly lot
 Conformity is not a word that applies to any, bottom or top
 In the west Bardic circles seem to be the in thing
 Back in the east most listen while only a chosen few sing
 But all enjoy the experience, the friends, the music and the love that we
 share.

Though filkers are crazy, believe it or not weirder people do exist
 They're the ones who record us filkers and sell us tapes from their master
 lists.

Off Centaur, Kushyon's Flight House, the Filk Foundation - no temerity
 They keep working to save our performances for man's....Posterity??

I want to thank them all for saving the goofs, bloopers and flubs
 (makes me feel human when others screw up too)

There are the famous and infamous, the filkers with notoriety
 Authors who parody one another, and the fen who do it for free.
 Dickson, Haldeman, Coulson and Asmirov write some pretty appropriate filk
 Aspiring fen do the same, poking fun at writers and others of their ilk

Noone has a lease on talent, despite all the off key filkers you hear.

A word about the filkers who many of us always hear about
 Juanita Coulson, filking's den mother, with a voice that carries clout.
 Julia Ecklar, Ohio's whipper snapper, singing her songs she never seems to
 breathe,
 The crazy genius from the windy city - prolific Frank Hayes, who writes
 with seeming ease.

Fish and Monster, Webb, Wilson, Willett, and all the others who seek out
 inspired tunes.

This one's for you...

^D Welcome to filking time, ^G
^A It's all yours and it's all mine. ^{A7}
^D Raise your voices to the stars ^{D7}
^G And sing, hopefully in tune and maybe in time ^{Bm} ^E
^D Welcome to filking time - it's yours and mine. ^A ^D

E.E.

Words & Music: Duane Elms

There was a man we all grew up with each in our own day
 E.E. Smith wrote stories where the hero saved the day.
 Space opera was a fantasy that we all understood.
 And E.E. Smith wrote the lines the way that only E.E. could

And there were blinding flashes everywhere and deafening reports,
 Coruscating energies and glib macho retorts.
 Planets smashing planets and an antimatter sphere,
 With Lensmen on the warpath, bad guys tend to disappear.

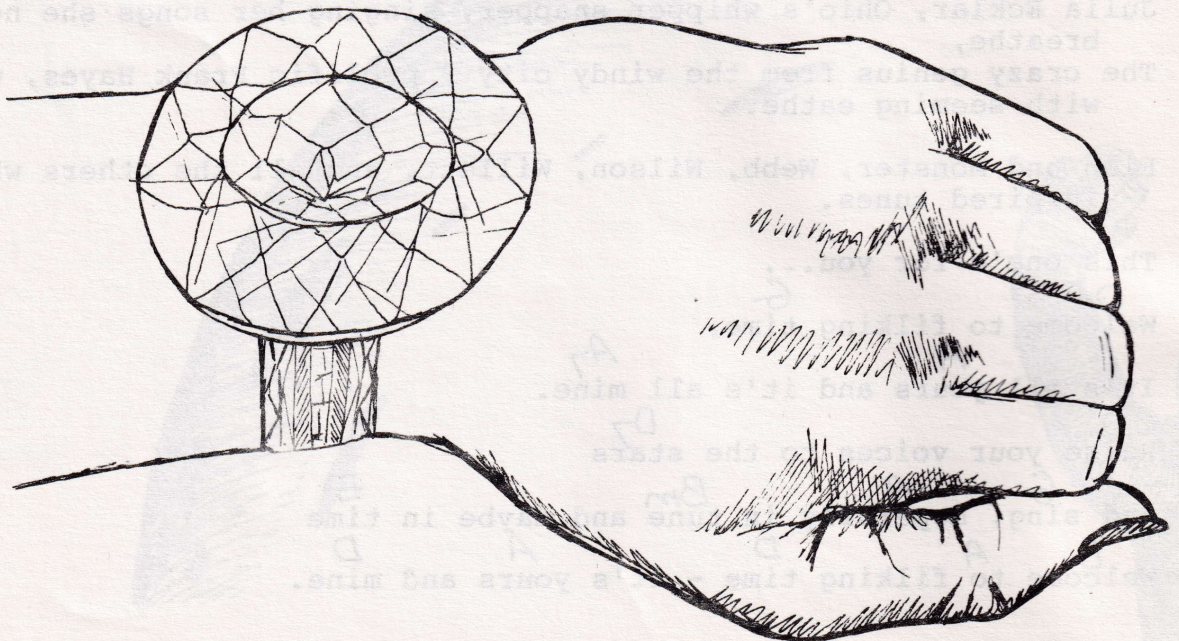
Old E.E. wrote of spacehounds and of brawny men and bold,
 Of monumental intellects and fearsome biting cold.
 Of evil that for evils sake pursued a deadly plan,
 Until the good guys caught them and whipped out the entire clan.

And there were tractor beams and presser beams and adamantium
 shields.

And rays of all description and gigantic battlefields,
 Fleets of ships so big you couldn't fit them in a sky
 And monsters everywhere with whom we don't see eye to eye

Well QX friends, of Doc in that happy hunting ground,
 With all his friends and heroes out here skylarking around.
 The Kinnisons and Seatons sit and talk about old times,
 And swap tales of adventure with the old Galaxy Primes.

And there are galaxies colliding, but we're firing on all jets.
 It looks like we're outnumbered here, and noone's taking bets,
 Titanic rods of force flare out against hard driven screens,
 The galaxy was just too small for Doc's colossal schemes.



THE AUTHORS

Words: Duane Elms

Music: "Modern Major General", Gilbert & Sullivan

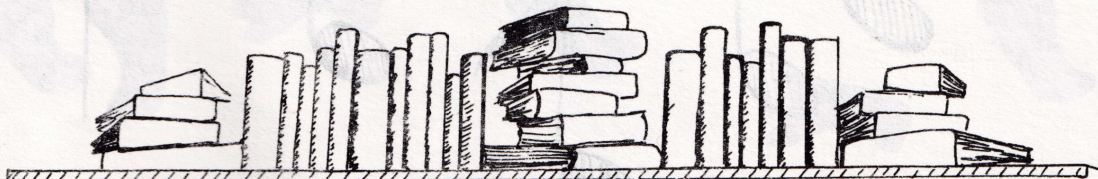
There's Asimov and Christopher and Silverberg and Ellison,
And Haldeman and Stapledon and McIntyre and Harrison,
And Piper, Saberhagen, Lee, and Davenport and Anderson
And Vonnegut and Sutherland, and Meredith and Matheson.
And Winterbotham, Anthony, McCaffery, and Peterson,
And McIntosh and Wibberly and Yermakov and Nicholson,
And Lafferty and Bradbury and Morressy and Stephenson,
And Hamilton and Lichtenberg and Mackelworth and Henderson.

There's Clement, Cooper, Collins, Carter, Campbell, Clark and
Coulson,
And Niven, Norton, Norman, Newman, Neville, North, and Robeson,
And Simak, Sheckley, Sargent, Spinrad, Spencer, Starr, and Logan,
And Holly, Huxley, Heinlein, Herbert, Howard, Hoyle, and Hogan.

There's Ballarad, Baker, Benford, Bester, Biggle, Bush, and
Ballinger,
And Bova, Brackett, Brunner, Burgess, Burroughs, Brown, and
Banister.
And Dickson, Dick, DeCamp, DelRay, Delany, Ing, and Effinger,
And Forward, Farmer, Gerrald, Godwin, Griffith, Gunn and Janifer.
And Offutt, Orwell, Pangborn, Panshin, Pournelle, Priest and
Torgenson,
And Russell, Russ, and Roddenberry, Rossiter, and Robinson,
And Sturgeon, Stuart, Sterling, Sutton, Sidomak, and Donaldson,
And Turner, Tucker, Taylor, Thomas, Tiptree, Tubb, and Williamson

There's Alexander, Cameron, and Elliot, and Eddison
And E.E. Smith and G.H. Smith, and G.O. Smith and Salmonson,
And Charbonneau and Davidson, and Spielberg and Zelazny,
And Merrill, and Merrit, Morecock, Morgan, Lewis, Lem, and Bradley.

I hope that each of those I missed will not be disappointed,
I had to stop right here before my brain became disjointed.



LORD OF THE FILK

Words: Quentin Long
 Music: Lord of the Dance (pick one)

I sang at conventions and the filk was born,
 The key was off, musicians looked with scorn.
 Fans come to gather - so the sound did ring
 Out, and that was the birth of the first filksing...

CHORUS: Sing Filk, whoever you may be;
 I am the Lord of the Filk, cried he
 I'll sing for you if you'll sing for me
 And I'll hear you all at the next filksing.

I sing Bardic circles where the notes reach up high;
 I sing to the mikes whose feedback never dies.
 I sing on the bus and mundanes edge away.
 What the hell - I'm the Lord of the Filk, I say.

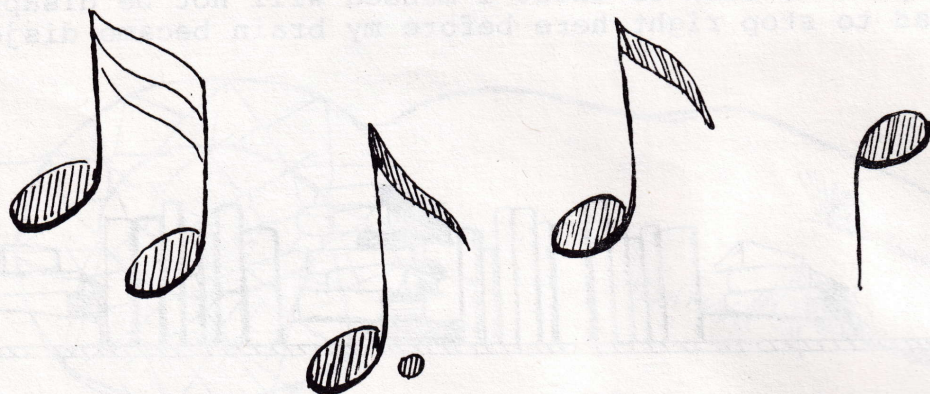
CHORUS

We'll sing in the darkness and we'll sing through the night
 Thanks to the joys of artificial light.
 We sing at the Filkcon when you strum out the tune
 And the filk won't stop 'til the crack of noon!

CHORUS

The phase of the moon and the typewriter's keys
 Raise wave and storm on Imagination's Sea
 To promise, confirm and ensure through the years
 That the Filk goes on, through our bleeding ears...

CHORUS



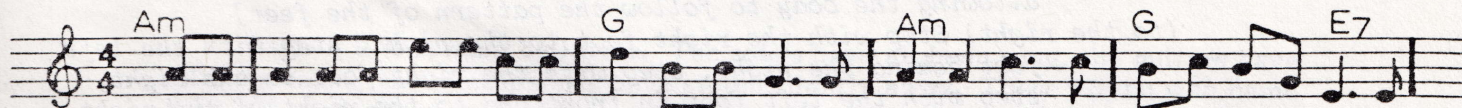
Lord of the Dance

Words: Anonymous 29
Music: Traditional

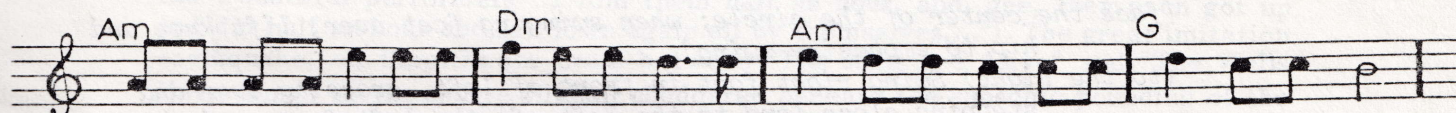
DANCE PATTERN: Sarah E. Goodman

THE DANCE

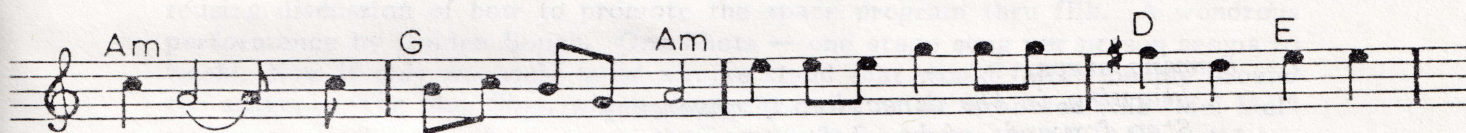
Dancers form a circle, facing center, holding hands



When she danced on the wa-ter and the wind was her horn, the la-dy laughed and everything was born. And
Grapevine to the right, two patterns, Step-over to the right, one pattern,

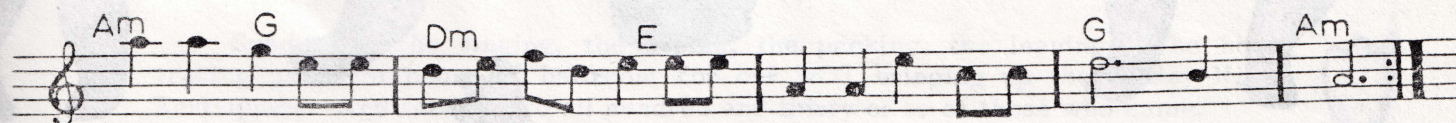


when she lit the sun and its light gave him birth, the Lord of the Dance first ap-peared on the Earth.
Grapevine to the left, two patterns, Step-over to the left, one pattern.



Dance, dance, where - ev - er you may be. I am the Lord of the Dance, said he. I
In place, swing body over right foot, then over the left foot, Step-over to the left, one pattern,

Turning to the right, take six running steps,



live in you if you live in me, and I lead you all in the Dance, said he.
Grapevine to the left, two patterns, Step-over to the left, one pattern.



THE FILK PART

If the dance and the music get out of sync, pause at the end of a pattern, or rush the step, as necessary.

If the tune gets too fast, the leader of the dance (or anyone else about to trip or fall over) yells "Oopah!"; at this point all steps in the dance, except the first pattern of the chorus (Sway, Sway, run, run, run, run, run, run) become grapevines in whichever direction the dance was going at the time.

THE STEPS*Grapevine...*

[face the center of the circle, moving in the direction of the dance and allowing the body to follow the pattern of the feet]

(to the right) Step with the right foot to the right, step with the left foot behind the right, step with the right foot to the right, step with the left foot in front and to the right of the right foot.

(to the left) Reverse the pattern above.

Step-overs...

[face the center of the circle; when swinging foot over, lift knee and hip to emphasize swing]

(to the right) Swing right foot in front of left, crossing over and stepping close (and to the left of) the left foot, swing the left foot across the right, swing the right foot across the left, step left in place, step right in place.

(to the left) Reverse the pattern above.

Running steps...

[turning in the direction of movement]

Step forward: right, left, et cetera.



Postscript
From the Heart of the Jello Bowl

Bayfilk II is (praise be!) over. The songs have all been sung, the guitars have all been cased, the microphones have stolen silently away. Those of you who came have all gone again, and while we miss you all and hope you all had a good time, the silence is wonderful, too.

What do we remember? The excellent performances of Concert Night, and the wonderful performers ("I told them half an hour, and, gee, they each got up and did half an hour and sat down again all by themselves....") The great imitation earthquake, an illegitimate cross between "The Hills are Alive" and "The Walls Have Ears", as the entire filkhall shuddered beneath the subsonic pounding of the dancing crowd on the floor above, and brave filkers tried in vain to hold the walls in place with their naked -- well, unassisted -- bodies.

Saturday -- a menagerie of dulcimers in Holly Tannen's workshop, and a rousing discussion of how to promote the space program thru filk. A wondrous performance by Golden Bough. One Shots -- one stage song per person seems to work! Now if only we could build a mike stand that would follow people around the stage.... The Mob Sing, which went not quite as we expected (the "Me! Me!" signs were perhaps used too much; the cattle prods surely not enough) but did run well enough to warrant further experimentation ("Yes, Igor, we will lure them back, late at night, and THEN we will EXPERIMENT...."). The ravening hordes of midnight ~~lovely~~ filkers, who stripped the banquet bare (Epitaph of hotel catering manager: "No crowd under 200 ever finishes a whole baron of beef...."). And the sing that went on and on and on and on and....

Sunday -- The singing, the taping, the packing, the leaving. The hotel trading us extra hours of ballroom for our NOT bringing up the Friday Night Earthquake. And farewell to all hundred and thirty or so of those who came.

Now -- We have four cassettes on the way -- distilled from countless hours and countless reels of raw materials. The quality is very high -- a frightening number of you are good performers, and we think we're finally learning how to tape a filk (from behind at least two feet of lead shielding....). And of course, we've produced a book.

The Baysong Filkbook is a little fatter than our last Not So Instant Songbook, and a little more instant (Cathy Cook didn't have another baby, though to keep up the tradition of new arrivals we did spend the week after the con waiting for a very pregnant cat to provide Bayfilk Kittens. Also, our printing press is being (relatively) well behaved, so your printer did not have kittens). As in the past, though, these are songs handed to us by all and sundry, and The Opinions Expressed Herein Do Not Necessarily Represent Those of the Management of This Station. Especially concerning scansion, rhyme, and meter.

We hope you liked the con, and we hope you enjoy the book.

Teri, Cathy, Jordin, and the Crew

COMING SOON

CON-CHORD

OK, folks, that's it for BAYFILK II. If you enjoyed the con, or even just the BAYSONG FILKBOOK, we'd like to remind you that you'll get another chance to sing, play, and act crazy in California in 1985, at

CON-CHORD II

The Ramada Inn
Carson, CA

March 1-3, 1985

Guest of Honor:
CLIF FLYNT

Author of the infamous "Unreality Warp"
and many other assaults on sanity, rationality, and common decency

Con-Chord will include singing (in various forms), panels, odd goings-on, and a Sunday Brunch. Memberships are available for the modest price of:

\$15.00	Attending, thru 1 Sept. 1984
\$18.00	Attending, thru 31 December 1984
	Higher in 1985
\$7.00	Supporting (any time)

Filk Foundation members will receive a rebate after the convention.

Con-Chord T-Shirts are available for \$8.50

Con-Chord will be conducted under the tender auspices of the Philk Press, and interested parties (and even interested people) should contact:

Paul Willett, P.O. Box 599, Midway CT, CA 92655

The Baysong Filkbook

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